not nice witnesses, residing in

Givelonati, Charleston

in.

M M

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BUSINESS CARDS. W. T. WISE.

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S WELDY LANCASTER, OHIO
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October 27, 1850-2617

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11 Poollections and Associate promptly attended to bancaster, May 26, 1859-4

somethend DR. BIGGLOW'S OFFICE is at his Ohr Residence, on Wheeling Street, near Columba Street, where he will stiend to at the calls of improf feasion. Lancaster, August 5, 1858-141

H. C. TROUT, Merchant Tailor and Clothier. INTHE GREEN BUILDINGS

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October 27, 1809—2817 STINCHEOMB & CLARKI

ATORNEYS AT LAW, LASTALTED, OULTO J. W. STINCHCOMB. R.M. CLARKE

E. R. P. BAKER. Law and Collection Office. CANCAST SEE, OMIO.
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Laputation, September 21, 1853- 2107

DOCTOR ELYNCH

OFFICE at residence, on Mulberry Signers, be tweet Broad way util Cottanbus. EXCHANGE BANK

Martin & Co. WSight Exchange on the Bast for sale-Inte lowed on Deposits:

For So days at the rate of a per cent per annum

to months:

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The rate of the rate

PLATFORM SCALES. Zancaster, February 17, 1830-tu J. C. WEAVER

Elusing on the Sly.

His manly whiskers proved her check-She uttered no reply— How could she part her lips to speak, While kissing on the sly? Thore's such a sum of smacking bliss, That Greens could not buy The honeyed worth of one sweet kiss

That's taken on the sly.
Of this kissing on the sly-This tissing on the sly-This wooting, winning style of sinning Klesing on the sly.

The maiden most one kiss received-Demarely winked hereye, And with the air of one bereaved. She heaved a hearty sigh: Again that wayward whisker pressed Her cheek, she breathed -oh my !

How grateful to the burthened breast This Missing on the six-Of this kissing on the sly-This kissing on the siy-Downright delicious, e'en mailelous, Klasing on the sly.

Though rigid rule declare the dead To be a crime so high, No lover dare deny the deed Of kissing on the slyi-Though pa's and ma's berate and prate Till dulciness cry, The custom don't a bit abate,

Of kissing on the sly. Ot this kissing on the sly-This kissing on the siy-Intensely thrilling-trouble killing, Kissing on the aly.

While leading thus a single life. What happier lark than I, When opportunely, without strife, A glorious chance descry, To seize the dainty treasure which No royalites outvie; Than me, no mabob baif so rich, Thus kissing on the sly.

OI this klesing on the sly-This klasing on the sly-This trobly tempting, care exempting, Kinsing on the sly. A Topor's Sollleguy.

Leaves linve their time to full And so, likewise, have I; It comes of getting dry. But here's the difference "wirt leavesand me: "more harder," and more frequently.

> From the Anylist. ADDRESS,

Delivered at Akron, Ohio, over the body of Horace Burley, who died of Delirium Tremens.

BY L. V. BIERCE.

Is there a temperance man here? Such was Horace Darley, less than ten years

Is there a moderaty drinker here? The sun has made less than five annual circuits since the victim whose body, we con-sign to a drunkard's grave, and whose soul has gone to a drunkard's elernity was like you.

Is there a drunkard before me? Your turn comes next. The same solehn duty we are now performing for Hordes Darley will soon be perforned over your remains. This is the twelfth victim, in this township that has gone to the drunkard's grave to the last five months. And 'were they sinners above all others." I tell you ito; but unless you repent, you will likewise per-

Shall I appeal to you? Shall I ask, "who hath wee-who bath sorrow-who hath contention-who hath wounds without cause?" If you will commune with your own hearts, and let your conscience answer, they will tell you, "it is those who seek strong drink."

Could I appeal to that inanimate form before me, and ask him, in the light of slefnity that now beams round his disembod ied spirft, what, think you, would be his

reply? That spirit; with its enlarged vision. could it now reanimate this dust, would cause a thrill of horror to this assembly. as with its phantom hand it pointed to the tortures that racked its frame-to the mental agony that produced delirium-to the hor ors that drove him to seek relief in a suicide's death. "These," It would shrink in unearthfy tobes; "are the drunkard's

joys." Should I appeal to it to know if the stupor of drunkenfiess calmed the agonies of death, it would again reply "Th, no! is but the calm which presages the storm, and adds to its violence. Oh, horrid, awtul calm! more terrible than the storm it

Is bere a drunkard before me? Go with me to your Poor house, and ask its inmates what brought them there. Their blosted countenances and baggard forms would

answer Intemperance. Go to your Jail, and ask its tomater, what brought you here? Echo answers.

Go to your Penitentiary, and ask, What has tenanted this gloomy palace? Its length-ened halls respond to the voices of hundrede, "Intemperance!"

Go to your Graveyard, and there in the great charnel-house of Death, inquire, What has filled your Potter's field? And but if your eye will run over the history but the sentence was never finished. Trip twelve not made graves will answer. In. of this town for the last ten years, you can went his beels, and rolling, thumpir g, rattemperance has furnished our tenants in find the names of many, who have follow-

While there, select your own reating places, for sure as the same dance produces the same effect, you, too, will soon own.

It is same effect, you, too, will soon own.

And who will come to droit the sorrowing dank. Nay, more. I will ask you to at the sorrowing drunkard's graves—some yet lingering on the challenge of time, a mere remarked life, now he should: 'Open the cellar door, Ann, I may as well put her through, clear to the should: 'Open the cellar door, Ann, I may as well put her through, clear to the should: 'You be daned!' as a he, right away.

'You be daned!' as a he, right away.

'You be daned!' as he, right away.

'You be the last five months. TO . Faril/

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

ery tie that binds to kindred, and friends, of God and ruiness to man. and society, and choose a drunkard's life, Let us then before this altar of Death, a drupkard's sufferings, and a drunkard's consecrate ourselves anew to the cause of temperance, and awear sterns! hostility to In there a drunkard's wife, present? Go Alcohol in all its forms.

to her lonely home, and ask her of the com-

forts that intemperance brings. She will

point you to her naked children crying

for bread; she will point you to her cold

and cheerless hearth; she will point you

to bruises made by the blows of one who

has vowed to love and protect her. Hav-

ing shown you these, she will point to Heav-

Is there a mother here, who has a son

Strange, that the kind entreates and lov-

of graves that fill out Potter's field.

mon horrid results.

drink:

Speculate as men may, in regard to the

en as her only comfort.

of her earthly hopes.

degradation.

heart destroyed!

Longevity in Hudson. Hadson is one of the model townships in the district. of Summit county, and the good people are blessed with length of days. The Rev. city of Roseville, consisting of a court hour and a half, and the ground when the bouse and one other building which blends. score and ten, has furnished the Akron ed in itself the ratious dignities of store, Beacon, with the following interesting statistics touching the old folks of Hudson: Died, December 20, 1869, Mrs. A mirs,

whose course is downward in Intempera wife of Mr. George Kills urn, aged 874. Be ore the cecease of Mrs. Kilbourn, ance? Ask her for the cor solations Intemperance affords, and the scalding tear, there were living in this township, 25 in as it courses down the pale and care worn dividuals, whose united ages amounted to oheek will give the answer. The breast 2002 years, and the average of the whole that gave its life blood to that son in in- number was 80 years. The oldest person To use his own words, he could "outrun. fancy, and rejoiced in the expectation that is 90, and the youngest 70 years. Fifteen

These 25 were all married in early life, Horace Darley had such a mother; but and only two of the number have been she long ago sunk into the grave; and well married a second time; sixteen still living and averementally calculating the chances might be exclaim, if now animate: "Poor broken-hearted! 'twas well that she died!" a ven in a state of widowhood. Seven ent, when suddenly be straightened himfor she did not live to see the depths of his couple have passed the pariod of their self up, and shouted; GOLDEN BRIDAL and enjoyed an average of Is there a father present, who has a son conjugal life of 58 years, ranging 50 to 88 fellow?" going the down ward road of Intemperance? Years. The sixteen in unbroken wedlock. Oh, how his heart must bleed as he sees at the head of ten families, (some in this

he too, sank into he grave before he saw lived with their a nole companions 48 to hide. Such was Jonce. Is there a sizer of a drunkard prozent? 69, and an average of 52 years. Henne heart only can beat: Oh, how the message over 63 years. Most of this number ims Goin' to Rosvil', I 'spose to 'tend Cort.

I have this day sent them will rend their migrated to the county in the early years Wal, kin you gin a fellar a little. hearts! A letter from one of them was of the present century, from three or four townstress in Litchield county and the ing tenderness of that letter could not have country.

A Chapter on Bachelors.

broken the spell that surrounded him --Yet such is the nature of this fatal enclisht-I hate bachelors! There's a bold, un ment, that when once thrown around its qualified assertion right in the teeth of ar such delightful and entertaining topics. viotim, neither love, nor happiness, nor life itself can break it.

Tan years ago Horace Darley came to this town a soher man—an industrious meether love. The passenger car, that I can't tell, at the very passenger car, that I can't tell, at the very love in the can like cross t chance. His parents were respectable and first glance around me, who are bachelors wealthy; and he was layoued with more and who are not. You can read it in their than ordinary talents and education. His faces; and their actions show it plainly business here threw him in connection enough. A married man resigns his seat with the grog-shop-he drank-became a smillingly, if the car is crowded; but, ye drunkard—and died before he arrived at gots! if a bachelor has to get up to give a the meridian of life. His two companions lady his test, such a look as she gets, and who worked in the same shop were drawn such a time as he has grambling about into the same influences. One fills a hoops taking so much room, at if it was drunkard's grave, the other occupies a any of his business how much from they room in ronder poor house. A splendid take, and as if passenger railway cars were manaion stands a monument to their indus- not intended to accommodate hoops as well try and skill—they serve as monuments of as the dear creatures who 'occupy' them. the effects of retailing intoxicating liquors. Married men are always more polits, be And these are only remnants of the cause-because they have wives to teach

work turned from the same shop of Death them - shem! -was it all arrayed here in the habil Can't I tell when a man is going home ments of Death, in which most of it is now to a pretty, cherry lipped wife, and when clothed, consternation would strike this, be sen't? To be sure I can,

I never go to the theates, that, locking assembly, as it would appear like the vanguard of the resurrection.

And, were this all, the wretchedness rows of gloomy-visaged bachelors, who would be comparatively trilling. But look come there to pass away the time because through our town, dotted as it is with they haven't wives and babics token them rum shops, each doing its allotted work, at home, and they don't know what to do and we need not be surprised at the ranks with thems-lees. Poor fellows how I

pity them!
If they ware all like like Maryel-bless One would suppose that such a sight its that which now lies before us, would are hi dear old bachelor heart!-we might rest all engaged in this murdering busi tolerate them; but save me from them as ness. But not even over the body of this they are I I habitually make for the other poor victim that lies before us - while the side of the walk whenever I see one of the soul was ellipting to its fast hold on the tribe coming, for I had rather encounter confines of Time - riot and drunken a score of married men than one gloomy,

ess—dibauchery, fighting and stealing— sour visaged old tachelor.

[ast night held their cursed carnival and Out upon old backelors] Courtship even this day the officers of justice had to and marriage to every mother's son o go to this house of death and arouse its fe- them. ANNIE TREVOR.

male keeper from the stuper of drunkeness Put her Through. to search for property stolen from these A gentleman had occasion to send his who were watching the expiring breath of daughter up to the garret for some article her victim.
And can it be that such scenes are enwhich he wanted. The child returned, cry ing, and upon being asked what the troub! noted in a land that bossts of civilization was, replied. 'That the snow had sifted and religion? Yes, many who boast of their civilization and refinement, and love in upon the garret stairs, and she had slip-

of good order, and even of their piety, are engaged in the traffic that produces these well, did you get what I Well, did you get what I told you?' in gaired the father. She replied that she had not. 'Well, then,' he exclaimed, start-To them, perhaps, it is useless to ad- ing up, 'I'll go, I guess I ain't attaid of dress snything. Every appreal has been little snow.

made to them, that can -reason, argument After he had gone the child observed sympathy-and all in vain. Way should that take hoped that paps would fall just a not our appeals be in vain. for even the little, to pay him for laughing at her.'
threatened curse of Heaven has been in Soon afterwards a distant bumping and truth of Revelation, there is one declars listened with awakened interest, but the tion of Holy Writ, the truth of which is object of their solicitude was whistling confirmed by every day's observation; we quite as soterly as though nothing had

that him that giveth his neighbor drink; happened. that putteth the bottle to him to make him He grossed the two rooms above, and as rink:

I appeal to all of you; cast around you dered out— Open the chamber door. Next and see those who have followed the busi you know, you'll have me tumble down ness in Akron. I shall not name them; here in I break my neck. It's so dark now' but if your eye will run over the history but the santence was never finished. Trip find the names of many, who have follow- thing, and some awaring, he sprawled his

lends to such an end? Willyou break ev- its forms and festures, a business secursed How Jim Cattin came so nigh gentise I have just returned from riding the he let circuit with my riend, John Lawless, an capital a fellow as hoy one of the young sters at his bar: knows the country too; has been electioneering over it, and is that fellow' with every man, woman and child

We were approaching the celebrated post- ffice and hotel, kept by one Mr. Jan. Carline, or, as he was community called by the people of the section, Jim C hin. Justice of the Taterior Court, Member of the Legislature, etc., a tall gial wort fel low, with a frame like a atone wall, red hair, a squint, a fist like a sledge hammer. and the pride and bully of the country .--

Lawless and myself jogged on the sin-was setting; we had talked each other down

"Hello, Joncel Why how are you, old I looked and beheld a specimen of genus

"Cracker," who enj wed in the shirt le of his hopes blasted, and the pride of his connection being a little short of 70] in five feet four; his eyes and complexion periods of 45 to 68 years, have enjoyed an were of one color; he had more legs than he are a rich Horace Darley had such a father, and average of 64 years, nontinuous nubist life. body; and more stomach than either, he seek too, sank into he grays before he saw. Five of those in a state of widowhood, was used in homespun, and brogans of

"How are you, gen-til-men" Horses Darley has sisters too, whose the average of wedded life of the 21, with in tones that no spelling can give the faintheart's heat in love for shim, as a sinter's the companions of their youth, is a fraction est idea of, "why how are you Squire"-

"Oh, jes; jamp up bel:ind." He needed no second invitation; but, imate form, as his last, his only treasure, vicinity in Connecticut. A few have come having snugly enscanced himself in the in more recently from other sections of place designated, a brisk conversation to country. ter and poultry-the prospects of the

tion. Gen ul men, Jim kin outbrag and outlie any man I ever seed; but jes ask him about that there fits he foute down in Granhy's Late, an' you'll see low uick he'fl drag his tail."

"How, Jonce did he get thrashed?" "Wal, I dueno what you call thrashed but old Mr. Townley, who cum up when the fite was a most fout out, told me that Jim had got the durndest linken' that he ever seed a human man get. Jim kep his bed ten days after it, and when he rizhis fice war of as many collors as my old oman's fullt. I'll be eternally dod roted of it wasp't" "Tell us all about it, Jonce."

But this Jonce positively refused to do I we wanted to hear it, he declared we must go to Jim himself. We was lawyers, an' ef we couldn't draw Jim out we wasn't worth nothen. He wanted to have it, and durned of he wouldn't be thar.

There was a pretty full attendance of the ber that hight, and Jim was in his glory, After supper, when, we were all seated around the hearth, Jim, an Jonce prophe sied, did commence like Oth lie to of his battles bravely, hardly fought, went on a ravin' and a tarin' to his hearts content, and there was no end to the victories he had gained. We intened in rev erential silence, until at a p use, I asked if he had ever been whipped. "No sir ee! That ain't the man livin'

as kin do it, paither." "Never, Jim? Now think; if you were in the witness hox would you swear you were never licked? "Wa-al, I never hey been, but I cum

mighty nigh onto it once. I did." "How was it? Tell us, Jim?" by Wal, I'll tell you all about it, but dodrot my skin of I don't lick the first man hat ookes fun at me about it, see of I don't

Of course we assured him that none us would undertake so dangerous an ex periment, and were thereuton enlightened as to the circumstances which transpired when "Jim Callicum was so tigh onto heing licked."
"Kin any of you gentlemen favor me

with a segar? I sm obliged to you Mr. Briefless Wal, th way of it war this: Last August a year ago, I hitched up my mar in the buggy to go over to Mr. Elirelling was heard, accompanied by the ot's He'd promised me some new fash sound of suppressed wrath. The family loued turnip seed he had which would bring powerful big turnips. Twas one of the all-firedest hottest afternoous you ever seed, durned if I don't think 'twould 'a melted the horns off a billy goat. Wal, he sun war pretty high and I was drivin kinder slow through Granby's lane, on the shady side when here oum a fellar up front of me, in a buggy, on the sharty side. I druw up on too, till the horses tetched, and then we storped and looked ta each other like He war a little wirey fel I-rs made up suthin' like Mr. Briefless than ed this cursed business who have gone to six lest on the kitchen floor, where he was an' didn't look like he had any fits in him

the brille rein to tuca, him out, when drive end hit me the most tre- ry he'd pitched onto me, and we had the atto and monotonous drudgery—yet one most orfullest fire, rice that in that lane, the ingentity of men has never supplement as ever was fout. We must a fout for an mechanically; that's a printer. on both my arms, and I cool fait stir a of the morning, in the broad and guehing he would be the prop of her declining years is now torn with anguish at the blight their average age 84.

> eng19" case I unlouisted it was no use to lie ther and be bear to de-th and I war just a gwine to rqu-al, when who about ride up bar old Mr. Townly-you know old must not think of the future nor recall the Mr. Townly as plants on the visey? -- wal past; he must not think of home, of kinhim, and his overseer and that his some of field, of wife, or of babe. His work lies his C-leb. Old Er. Townly villiup and before him, and thought is chained to his

I couldn't enswer for the felter's thurn the papers, and are quick at typographical in my mouth, and he wouldn't enswer, errors, whose eye may rest on this mute but kep on a lickin' anto me. Mr. Caleb avidence of cessless toil; correspondents, and the overseer they pitched in and offices, and authors, who scorn the simand the overseer they pitched in, and editors, and authors, who scorn the sim-peried as. The filler than started for his pla medium of your fame, think not that loggy, and evening me all the time, the printer is altogether a machine. and wrappint up his shum in a silk pocket. Think not that he is indifferent to the hankaler . When he got in his tugget, sem of which he is but the setter. Think he to me #12.he!

No you old red-headed. gimblet eved, grabers may not leave some of their fra-anagged tooth son of a jackana, them was grance on his toil-worn fingers. But his words by golyl . Trecken tou went; when you seek friend, companion, adviser

as he presed use he selewed hum ell around n his huggy he grined at me, and dura me if he didn't keep on a graning at me fill be war clear out of eite.

Tell you what gents, resomed Jim. that ar feller cum as nigh unto licking me

as any other man in Gregory kin, do I to me at he didn't. Lets figure?" There was some of us then, and there who thought that Jim could have used stronger language than that is cum night unto bein' licked; but not a men of us could boast the prowess of the little wire feller of Granty's lane, we said nothing, awallowed the corn juice and traveled off ted. I would, however, as a friend,

and if the scatter of the general terror Death of Mucating the least but Death of Automatics.

To the great dead of 1839, late intelligence from England adds the name of Thomas Busington, ford Midenlay, who died at London on the 25th o December

Edindurg Reviews of "The Loys of Ancient Rome," a work of belleds, and of cient Rome." a work of balleds, and of I've got a cannors here myself, and I'll "The History of England."

It has been of see years a procedure the fashion to underfate the genius of Macan-end of the cart tongue with the jug, using

His printed essays; if me little consistants His orbitical essays, it is little ansisted and powder's wel-can't shoot! Never cal, were always liberal and just and mind-come up't har and drink," and developed tones of cristisms which have since to a great ex ent, governed that species of composition. His History of England was a practicle illustration of the soundness of his view with regard to the "dignity of history," which he justly cork out.
despised, and while possessing all the
gliw and facination of fiction, was doubt.

Cashant less as time and veracious as that of the dutiest chronider of kings' deaths and

His "Songs of Arcient Rame" age faof the fire and strength of that balls I po-etry, to which he had beyond so much study, that it is said he could r past nearly every hallad to the English lan-

industry and brilliant works, it would be that State, and that, in all likelihood, they uselnes to speak. The first are of common famo. The last every person of the mountains of Asia. This is the second

to make it a model would be as absurd as funneday, to supply our markets with a to make a model of Johnson's style. THE NEWSPAPER. - The follow, vices, and the world -- Scientific American.

irring to see the show without periogs twelve lines."

Wanted -a Printer, says a colemporamenjonsest lidt right here under my eye with brain and fingers; a thing that will you ever here tell on. I never hist any set so many ema a day; a machine that thing hart me so powerful had sence dad- will think and a st, but still a machine, dy used to lick ma. Arter that, soon as a being who undertakes the most system-

that looked like it had been a storning recates babils, a worker-at all times and ground for cattle for the last miz months; hours, by day and by night; setting up t as powerful tors up. I 'ell you. At in close and no violsoms offices, when that I found nesself a layin' fix on my gay crowis are turrying to theatrest hark in the dren a one side the late and layer stell, when the arrest revellers are the felter stop of me. He had we breen gone and thereizy aleeps; in the fresh air pag. I had his thum in my mouth that I suplight, some printing machine is at his was fraid to chaw it. for every time I case, with its eternal varying click! click! tried it he give me see h a framer. Chek! click! the polished cubes fall tojons casek long side of my head as made to the stick; the mote integers of expresme see more stars firm ever was indicavent fou are marshalled into line. and march forth as im wortal print. Click! and meetin' house; every time he hit may be little interingence because idea a "Aint yer got enn' yei! Aint yer got bein genement. Click! olich! from grave le gar. I'em after i em-a murder, s of seadal, a graceful and glowing ought are in turn clothed by the mute and impersive fingers of the machine, and went adri t into the sea of thought. He

"Hellow hors! what's the full shon " You know him by his works, who read he rg up and gathered his reins, and sez tota subtile ray may not penetrate the weather, the chances of the orop, and oth go spilen' about the counters for a fite which you would elevate one who, are such delightful and entertaining topics, agin in a horry. Clar and let me place, or from armpathy, may filly represent either to-night? Wall, after anper Jim'll start which sun had but by that time, and ore, and presidents. O, we people, adversariant armin' around as usual, talkin' all the read that the sun had but by that time, and ore, and presidents. O, we people, adversariant around a susual, talkin' all the read that the sun had but by that time, and ore, and presidents.

Mazgla's Sollloquy White on a Bender. Singler a feiler can't geout jist iur a sole regreashen thoug it must rain, just as if inhadn't rained hard all the time Here a short pause ensued, broken he sense New Years' day let August. It igns puffs.

'Tell you what gents,' resumed Jim, hat as feller cum as nigh unto hicking me is any other man in Gregory kin, do I rot that's the word. Hur reseal well let'er rain-I don't keer-I'm havin' an extra ollerday -- I mean to have an - xtra bollers day every day this year, 'cept Sundayslan't keep. I'll git drunk all them days. Lam me see -- I'll have two hundred Fourth of Julys, and a hundred New Year's, and about two bun tred and ten Christmasses. Thanksgivin's--1'll have 'em twict a reck alf the time. There's the church hollergive you a putting hit of advice, if you all the time. There's the church holler-should channe to go to the civy of River days at the days uv a year? I haint willo, you had better any nothing around them's all the days uv a year? I haint got no time to count jist now -- I'll count Granty's Lane, with members last word met me when I ain't so busy, and el

more thankspivin's." Singular, too, I'm allers so dry when it's reinin !-- I'm dev now. Guess I'll take suther,' and then I'll-shulle! what's that? Buefly, he is the surface of the most the loud report of some half dozen blasts brilliant criticisms in the language; con over at the quarries? "Yes, sir, them's tributed between 1825 and 1841 to the cannot a sheepint für some hollerday thankagining, de 'spect, offerer remaintlay, a phase of this racy affects tion which his big boot as a sammer- jug smashed his great loss will put out of fashion and Jake desiated | "Hullo ball's busted mers birch their horses, and ordered whisker. Tou lot we asw of him, he was tugging at one end of the pegs over which bridles are secured, trying to pull the

here's any days over, I'll have some

CASHMERE GOATS - The most handsome show is in the world are made from the long 'ky hair of the Cashmere goat, and it apears to us that this animal may be acclimared in many of the southern States .-We are plad to learn that attempts are being made by enterprising planters in the South to sorlimate it. We learn from the Savannah [Georgia] Republican that a Of his eminent can suitan, his tireless been imported by the Hon. W. H. Stiles of taste has read and admired, importation of such goats into Georgia, the importation of such goats into Georgia into Georgia, the importation of such goats

consequent miseries of multitudes, displayed in a newspaper, are so many abominations and warnings; so many beacons continually burning to turn others from the ning. The wife was of an exceedingly rocks on which hey have been shipwreed portical n ture, and said to her mate: Noed .- Bishop Harne. ties that moon-how right, and calm, and ed.—Bishop Horne.

The boy who wis caught looking retorted the editor, for anything less than into the future, has been arrested for the papal raise—a dollar and fity cents for